CHRISTIAN BATTLE SONGS.

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CHRISTIAN

BATTLE SONGS,

DESIGNED FOR

REVIVALS AND PRAYER MEETINGS,

COMPILED BY

Rev. Wm. Hildreth.
San Francisco, Cal.

Sacramento :
GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY.
1873.

INTRODUCTION.

H54

In entering a field already largely occupied, I have but one apology to offer. Among books of this kind I have often acutely felt the want of the OLD SONGS. For twenty years there has been a gradual elimination of old songs and airs from our hymn books; yet men who, like myself, have done the work of an evangelist among all classes, and for years together, have very commonly observed the spiritual effect of these old sonnets of the heart. Those grand old minors —those rolling choruses—those heart-breathings of our grandmothers, while they may fail to move hearts which are "neither cold nor hot," cannot fail of their effect where the Spirit is working. Associated with our earliest and tenderest recollections—songs of our cradles—sweet souvenirs of dear lips, long since silent—sacred veterans of a thousand battlefields—it is not strange that God should especially bless them, that the Spirit should especially accompany them, or that they should have a peculiar power upon the hearts of men. As far as possible, in so small a work, I have reproduced these old favorites, and together with a few new ones, I send them forth, humbly praying that hearts may grow warm, tender, loving, and faithful, singing these CHRISTIAN BATTLE SONGS.

W. H.

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CHRISTIAN

BATTLE SONGS.

PRAISE TO GOD.

1 L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovreign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people; we his care;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

2 L. M.

1 Bless, O, my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O, my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess:
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

---

3 C. M.

1 O, God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

---

4 8's, 7's & 4.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

---

5 L. M.

1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes:
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 Grace will complete what grace begins
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes.
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes

---

6 C. M.

1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad ?

2 How can I die, while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine ;
Whate'er my duty bids me give.
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

---

7 L. M.

1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews
And nobler speech than angels use.
If love be absent, I am found.
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell.
Or could my faith the world remove.
Still am I nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor—
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

---

8 7's.

1 Lord, we come before thee now—
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

---

9 8's & 7's.

1 I would love thee, God and Father,
My Redeemer, and my King;
I would love thee: for without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee—every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne;
I would love thee: he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee: I have vowed it,
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

10

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spill'd for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek.
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

11

8's, 7's & 8.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers,
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers,
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

12 C. M

1 O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood,can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

13

C. M.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

14

L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made.
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

15 C. P. M.

1 O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

---

16 C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes. thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

---

17 C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

---

18 S. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

cho. I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me ;
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

19 S. M.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauties of his face
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

3 Give me, O Lord a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

20 L. M.

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

21 L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorn compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

22 11's & 10's.

1 I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
Tells of his love in the Book he has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see—
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me!

Chorus—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be—
O, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!

---

23 7's

1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus sake
He will wipe your tears away.

---

24 C.M.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

---

25 11's.

1 My Jesus, I love thee; I know thou art mine;
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love thee, because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death;
I'll praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath,
And say, when the death dews lie cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee, in the heaven of light;
And sing, with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

26

C. M.

1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

27

S. M.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

28 C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,—
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour, and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

---

29 C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

PRAISE—FOR THE SABBATH.

30 6's & 8's.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires and fleeting toys,
I soar to reach eternal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

31 C.M.

1 Come, let us join with sweet accord,
In hyms around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven—
A type of the eternal rest
Which saints enjoy in heaven.

---

32 7's & 6's.

1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,---
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sins and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us. Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,

Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

PRAYER—MEETING.

33 C. M.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast,
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray,
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

34

1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.

In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings; shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

---

35 C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

36 L. M.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

---

37 L. M.

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word!
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

38 11's

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It comforts, it softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Bids hope rise exulting, and passion restrains;
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;

2 When far from the friends that are dearest we part,
That fond recollections still cling to the heart!
Past scenes and enjoyments live painfully there;
And restless we languish, till peace comes in prayer.
Prayer, &c.

3 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace, like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, &c.

---

39 C. M.

1 A throne of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all who worship there.

2 A throne of grace! Oh, at that throne
Our knees have often bent:
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

40 8. M.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest
"Why should we longer wait?"
He bids us never give him rest.
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

---

41 L. M.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The christian's heart his prayer indites;
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

If pain afflict, or wrong oppress,
If cares distract, or sin dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The sweetest solace is—to pray.

4 Depend on Christ, you cannot fail;
Make all your wants and wishes known;
Fear not,—his merits must prevail—
Ask what ye will, it shall be done.

PRAYER—FOR REVIVAL.

42 8's, 7's & 4s'.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us Lord a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us, &c.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord revive us, &c.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh:
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us, &c.

43 C. M

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

---

44 8's & 7's.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

cho. I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
O, there are ten thousand charms.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise, the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

---

45 S. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son and Thee.

---

46 7's.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me!—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou art calling, O! call me—
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive, and rescue me!—
Even me.

6 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!—
Even me.

PRAYER—FOR CHILDREN.

47 C. M.

1 How can we see the children, Lord,
In love whom thou hast given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven?

2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

3 Lord, hear the parent's earnest cry,
And save our children dear:
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

---

48 6's & 4's.

1 LEAD them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee,
These children dear of mine,
Thou gavest me;
O, by thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to thee;
Lead them—lead them,
Lead them to thee!

2 When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them—lead them,
Lead them to thee!

3 Yea, though my faith be dim,
I would believe,
That thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive;
O, take their young hearts now;
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them—lead them,
Lead them to thee!

PRAYER—FOR FAITH.

49 6's & 4's

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;

As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

50

C. M

1 O, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmer nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile:
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

SINNERS—DANGER.

51 C. M.

1 See how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.

2 "Year after year, I come," he cries,
"And still no fruit is shown:
I see but empty leaves arise;
Then cut the cumberer down."

3 "The axe of death, at one sharp stroke
Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down.

4 Sinner, beware!—the of axe death
Is raised, and aimed at thee:
A while thy Maker spares thy breath:
Beware, O, barren tree!

52

1 O, the Judgment day is coming,
Coming, coming,
O, the Judgment day is coming
On that great day!

CHO. Let us take the wings of the morning,
And fly away to Jesus;
Let us take the wings of the morning,
And sound the Jubilee!

I heard the trumpet sounding,
I saw the dead arising,
I saw the Judge descending,
I heard the wicked wailing,
I heard the righteous shouting.

53

7's.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

54

C. M.

1 There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pall the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit, light and gay,
That which is pleasing, still may please,
And care be thrust away.

5 O! where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

7 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, repent!
And harden not your heart."

55

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But—can I bear the peircing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heavens resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

56

L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

---

57 P. M.

1 Time speeds away, away, away!
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drops from us like the leaflet sear,
Drops like the life blood from our hearts;
The rose bloom from cheeks departs,
The tresses from our temples fall,
The eye grows and dim strange to all.

2 Time speeds away, away, away!
Like torrents on a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that love, the friends that blessed;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, away, away!
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steeds from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in that fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

---

58 S. M.

1 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

2 How shall I leave my tomb?—
With triumph, or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

3 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at his command to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.

4 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery.

5 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

59 L. M.

1 That awful day will surely come,—
Th' appointed hour makes haste,—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

SINNERS—Invited.

60 7's & 6's

1 Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid ;
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offense and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away:
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

---

61 C. M

1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home;
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In sin and misery.

CHO.—For you must be a lover of the Lord;
For you must be a lover of the Lord;
For you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die!

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come;"
Oh then for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wanderer to thy home;
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

62

7's.

1 Hark, my soul; it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
That my love's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love thee more.

63

C. M.

1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he will command my touch
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

---

64 6's & 7's.

1 Sinner, go, will you go
To the highlands of heaven ?
Where the storms never blow
And the long summer's given:
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting,
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting?

2 Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,—
They inhabit the mountain,
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner come—
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

65

L. M

1 O, SINNER, why so thoughtless grown!
Why in such dreadful haste to die?—
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains—
Forever telling, yet untold.

66

1 THERE's a gentle voice within calls away,
'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er,
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

CHO. Yes I will go, yes I will go,
To Jesus I will go and be saved. *Rep.*

2 He has promised all my sins to forgive,
If I ask in simple faith for his love;
In his holy word I learn how to live,
And to labor for his Kingdom above.

3 I will try to bear his cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.

67

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel: [guish;
Here bring your wounded heart, here tell your an-
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent fadeless and pure.
Here speaks the comforter. tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

68

1 WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviours dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of light:
Will you go?
Far, far from death and curse and night:
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share:
Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain:
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again!
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see:"
Will you go?

4 O! could I hear some sinner say,
I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way;
Let me go.
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.
Let me go.

69

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with anxious haste along?
These wond'rous gatherings day by day,
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

2 Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace,
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

3 But if you still his call refuse,
And all his wond'rous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn,
"Too late, too late," will be the cry;
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed* by!"

70

L. M.

1 Behold! a stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed!
He will—the very friend you need!
The man of Nazareth!—'tis he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 Oh! lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
Oh! matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand!

71 L. M.

1 To-day, if you will hear his voice
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away, &c.

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
We are passing away, &c.

3 Come now, dear friends, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
We are passing away, &c.

4 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys;
Or, must we leave you bound to hell?
Then, dearest friends, a long farewell.
We are passing away, &c.

5 Once more, we ask you in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion, go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
We are passing away, &c.

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72 L. M.

1 O! do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light,
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time! Oh then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved — why not
to-night?

3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
O, try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved — why not
to-night?

4 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite!
Renounce at length thy stubborn will.
Thou would'st be saved — why not
to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou would'st be saved — *Why not
to-night?*

---

73 C. M.

1 Amazing sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die,
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me for ever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

74

1 By faith I view my Saviour dying, on the tree:
To every nation He is crying, "Look to me!"
He bids the guilty now draw near—
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear, [free.
Hark! hark! these precious words I hear, Mercy's

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin: Can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring:
He is my Prophet, Priest and King:
And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, has spoken peace to me!
Now all my chains of sin are broken: I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received, [free.
And Christ from death my soul retrieved: Mercy's

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying, Mercy's free!
And this shall be my song when dying, Mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last, Mercy's free!

75

There are angels hovering round, *Rep.*
To carry the tidings home
To the New Jerusalem:
Poor sinners are coming home,
And Jesus bids them come;
Let him that heareth come,
We are on our journey home—
To the New Jerusalem!

76

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

He'll receive you, he'll receive you,
O believe him, O believe him,
O receive him, O receive him,
He is able, he is able,
He is willing, he is willing,
Don't reject him, don't reject him,
Fly to Jesus, fly to Jesus.

77

1 Jesus the water of life will give
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus the water of life will give
Freely to those who love him;
Come to that fountain, O, drink and live,
Freely, freely, freely;
Come to that fountain, O, drink and live,
Flowing for those that love him.

Cho.—The Spirit and the Bride say come,
Freely, freely, freely;
And he that is thirsty, let him come,
And drink of the water of life.
The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing;
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Treasures unfading will there be given.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light.

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
Pleasures that never shall pass away.

78

1 The gospel ship is sailing,
Sailing, Sailing;
The gospel ship is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's happy shore.
All who would ship for glory,
Glory, Glory;
All who would ship for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Cho.—Glory hallelujah!
All on board are sweely singing;
Glory, hallelujah!
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

2 She has landed many thousands
On fair Canaan's happy shore;
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3 Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

---

79 12's & 8's.

1 WHEN the harvest is past and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare,— [woe,
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of
How suffer the night of despair?

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love,—
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impeniten's doom?

---

80 England's Home

1 A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed bright, and fair,
And beautiful angels too, are there.
Will you go? Will you go?

1 That beautiful land, the city of light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.
Will you go? Will you go? &c.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I, too, behold;
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
Will you go? Will you go?

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.
Will you go? Will you go?

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81 6's & 4's.

1 To-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

82

1 The Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come: 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

---

83 S. M.

1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

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84 8's, 7's and 4.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

SINNERS—PENITENT.

85 L. M

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace,
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there
Some sure support against despair.

86 ——— S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

87 ——— C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Cho.—O, how I love Jesus, *Rep.*
Because he first loved me.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

---

88 C. M.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death?

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift;
My soul, without it, dies.

---

89 L. M.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee I find,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O, lamb of God, I come!

---

90 Rock

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save me from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

91 W. G. Fischer, Philadelphia, Pa.

1 I AM coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind,
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will save you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.

4 In thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

92

C. M.

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

Cho.—I yield, I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in dispair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

93

7's.

1 Depth of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me;
Can my God his wrath forbear
And the chief of sinners spare?

Cho. God is love—I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still:
Jesus weeps, he weeps and loves me still!

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget—
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent:
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

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94 7's.

1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O, my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, recive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;

All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O, Christ, art all I want;
All and all in thee I find;
Rise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

95 J. J. Gurney

1 Redeeming work is done;
The debt of sin is paid;
The precious Lamb of God,
My sacrifice is made.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all;
All to him I owe:
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 I'll bow at Jesus' feet,
And plead his grace so free;
I'll wash me in his blood,
That blood was shed for me.

3 Yes, Jesus paid it all;
To him the glory be;
His love my pardon speaks,
And grace has set me free.

96 C. M

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee:
Now, in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!

Cho.—Remember me, remember me,
O Lord remember me;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me!

2 Remember thy pure word of grace;
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans;
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

---

97 L. M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;—

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great high Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracions hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

99

1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career
And forced him to repent.

2 Although he no relenting felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinched him sore.

3 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck,
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinned; but, O forgive!"
"Enough!" the father said;
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around.
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

100

1 A broken heart, my God! my king!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise the pardoning God.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength, my righteousness.

101

1 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice;
We would be thine forever,
And in thy love rejoice.
We are coming, &c.
We hear thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For those that trust in thee.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

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102 S. M.

1 Is this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?—
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious creatures we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

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103 L. M.

1 God calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet!—shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still! can I delay?

3 God calling yet!—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still!—my heart awake?

God calling yet!—I cannot stay;
My heart I yeild without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part:
The voice of God hath reached my heart!

SINNERS—Hope.

104

1 Saw ye my Saviour, Saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nail'd to the cross;
Here he bow'd his head and died,
Thus my lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O, behold my hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

4 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them
When they repent and believe,
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And Salvation they all shall receive."

105

S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

106 —— L. M

1 O LORD, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

2 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No human power could cleanse me so.

4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

107 —— L. M.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:

Come saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus! the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise:)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, live forever, wondrous king!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, where's thy sting?
And, where's thy victory, boasting grave?

108

1 THERE is life for a look at the crucified one;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto him, and be saved—
Unto him who was nailed to the tree.

2 O! why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
O! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul:
On him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once
Thy weight ef iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
There remaineth no more to de done;
That once in the end of the world he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.

5 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting he gives;
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

109

C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

CHO.—O, there's power in Jesus' blood,
O, there's power in Jesus' blood;
Yes, there is power in Jesus' blood
To wash us white as snow.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

110 ——— S. M.

1 God's holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

111

1 Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do:
Jesus died, and paid it all,
Yes all the debt I owe.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stooped down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
Yes, "finished!" was his cry.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

3 Weary, working, plodding one!
O, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your "doing:" all was done
Yes, ages long ago.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
All "doing" ends in death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

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112 C. M.

1 When the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,—
When opening graves shall yield their charge
And dust to life awake,—

2 These bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fullfilled—
That death should yield his ancient reign
And, vanquished, quit the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"O grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

113

C. M.

1 I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mein;
Their shouts of "crucify" appal,
With blasphemy between.

2 And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude
I recognize my own,

3 I see the scourges tear his back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock,
I feel that I am one.

4 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood;
I nailed him to the tree;
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

5 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin;
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

CHRISTIAN—EXPERIENCE.

114

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true,
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

115

1 Our bondage it will end,
By-and-by—by-and-by;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
In that glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return,
By-and-by.

2 Our Deliverer he will come,
By-and-by—by-and-by,
And our sorrows have an end
With our three-score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day—
By-and-by.

3 Though our enemies are strong,
We'll go on—we'll go on.
If our hearts dissolve with fear.
Lo! Sinai's God is near;
While the fiery pillar moves,
We'll go on.

4 And when to Jordan's flood
We are come—we are come,

Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed hosts shall shout,
We are come.

5 There we shall meet again,
Those we loved—those we loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more,
Those we loved.

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116 H. M.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me.
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

3 The father hears him pray,
The dear anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

117

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide,
We're homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed
We're homeward bound,

2 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven we now glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we float on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

118 8's.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish for or fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind,
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine.
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

119

1 He leadeth me! O! blessed thought,
O! words with heavenly comfort fraught.
What e'er I do, where e'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

Cho.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me,
He leadeth me, &c.

3 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me,
He leadeth me, &c.

120

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail;
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my strength and stay;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

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121 L. M.

1 When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glit'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace,
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

122

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, O, how great!

3 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

4 Soon shall I pass this gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

123

8's & 7's.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy.
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

124

7's.

1 BRETHREN, while we soujourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below.
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

2 In our way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malace free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

125

1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
O, what joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see?
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

126

1 THERE is a spot, to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain—
A spot, for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain:
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that on earth were heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven!

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore -
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,—
Beneath, the wave's commotion:
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour, how did my groan
Ascend, for years of error!

3 Sinking and panting, as for breath,
I knew not help was near me:
I cried, O save me, Lord, from death!
Immortal Jesus, hear me!
Then, quick as thought. I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me:
I Saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted Glory! Glory!

4 O happy hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee:
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven.

127 7's.

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
Cho.—Let us walk in the light, *Rep.*
In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God our friend,
Then our bliss shall never end.

128

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

3 At length this great physician—
How matchless is his grace!—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,—
For sin my eyes had sealed,—
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.

129 7's.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

1 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

130

1 O, WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

CHO.—I have some friends in glory,
I sometimes hope to see;
And there's others on their journey,
And they will pray for me.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O! cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

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131 C. M.

1 Amazing grace—how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dsssolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

132

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,—
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!

133 J. G. O'Kane Delaware

1 Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love:
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story
"Christ Jesus makes me whole."

134

1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, happy day, &c.

2 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me and I followed on;
Rejoiced to own the call divine,

3 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast;

135

1 On a fearful brink I stood
By sin condemned to die,
Threatening clouds above me rolled
I knew not where to fly.

Cho.—Saved by grace alone
This my song shall be
Jesus now the debt has paid
And Jesus died for me.

2 While my guilt before me rose
In all my dark array.
Justice claimed with stern demand
The debt I could not pay.

3 Trembling at the cross I knelt
And heard my Saviour's voice:
All is canceled, look and live,
In me, thy God, rejoice.

136

7's & 6's

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

137

1 Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam:
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Ring with the harmony heaven's high doom —
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

138

1 Come, brethren, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on:
The moments will not tarry;
This life will soon be gone.
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come;
These bodies soon will moulder
In the dark and dreary tomb.
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.

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139 L. M.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
Cho.—O, he's taken my feet from the mire
and the clay,
And has placed them on the Rock of Ages!

His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

3 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee. as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have fonnd;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

141

1 O, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide open for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the prints of the nails in his hands.
CHO.—O, sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Mighty to save.

2 O, bliss of the purified—Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine,
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the smiles of his face

3 O, bliss of the purified—bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure,
No sorrow-bowed head but in him may find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified—thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer—my God and my king,
With soul full of rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the mighty to save.

CHRISTIAN—CONSECRATION.

142

1 AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies—
The glory shall be thine.

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143 C. M.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

144

1 We've listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life, eternal joy,
Battling for the Lord!
Cho.—We'll work till Jesus comes, *Rep.*
And then we'll rest at home.

2 Under our captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!

3 We'll fight against the power of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favor of our heavenly king,
Battling for the Lord!

145

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be:

And whilst thou shall smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

146

1 Nothing but leaves! the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves.

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves
No vail to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves.

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

147 ——— S. M.

1 My soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

148 ——— C. M.

1 Weep for the lost! the Saviour wept
O'er Salem's hapless doom;
He wept to think their day was past,
And come their night of gloom.

2 Weep for the lost! the prophets wept
O'er Israel's gloomy fate,
When vengeance had unsheathed her sword
Repentance came too late.

3 Weep for the lost! apostles wept,
That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject,
And endless life refuse.

4 Weep for the lost! the lost will weep,
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

5 Weep for the lost! Lord make us weep
And toil, with ceaseless care,
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair.

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149 S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

4 But above all lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field.

150

C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me!

151

1 Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?

2 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.

3 Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesns lives and reigns forever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Forever, evermore.

X Mrs B. F. Mason

152

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

153

L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No!—when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

154

1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:

The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

---

155 C. M.

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not" ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

156 C. M.

1 O For a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn.
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

---

157 C. M.

1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—

3 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good,
How careless to secure that crown,
He purchased with his blood!

4 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit, and warm our hearts.

158

1 Ho! my comrades see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Cho —"Hold, the fort for I am coming!"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven,
—"By thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on!
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrads cheer!

159

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us.
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

160

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid the springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more!

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er!

161

1 More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell with me;
Fill my soul with peace and love,
Make me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below,
Poor in spirit would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day;
May I rest me by his side,
Where the tranquil waters glide;
Born of him, through grace renewed,
By his love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

162

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand.
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

CHRISTIAN—FELLOWSHIP.

163 S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

164

7's

1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

2 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

165 C. M.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

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166 C.M

1 HERE at thy table Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

167

1 Have you heard, have you heard, of that sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty, strangely fair;
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

3 Millions of forms, all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty, clear and bright,
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers
That bloom in that sunbright clime.

4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen.
Their ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl,
O'er the jasper walls, and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sunbright clime.

5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where amid all things that are fair, is given
The home of saved, and its name is heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

168

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word.
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home
Forever, O, forever.

CHO.—For O! we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

169

C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,—
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

170 C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Cho.—I want to go, I want to go,
I want to go there too;
I want to go where Jesus is,
I want to go there too,

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

171 ———

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

172

1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest!
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love,

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo thro' heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love;"
Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation;
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of love.

173

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest
Ye mournful souls be glad.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim.

174

1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy praying band,
Though in this world you suffer loss,
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.

Cho.—Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns
of the world,
For we all have the cross to bear,
It will only make the crown the brighier to
shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.

175

1 I'm but a traveler here
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Father land—
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage:
Heaven is my home,
Short is my pilgrimage:
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

176

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom, or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

177 8's & 7's.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

3 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city,
We shall evermore abide.

178 C. M.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood.
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea.
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away,

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love.
With unbeclouded eyes,—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

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179 L. M.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glit'ring towers the sun outshine;
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, &c.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

180

1 O, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light;
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white!

CHO.—Over there—over there!
O, think of a home over there! *Rep.*

2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod!
Of the songs that they breathe on the air
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
Where my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest!

4 I'll soon be at home over there;
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

181

1 SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Dashing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

182 S. M.

1 I love to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe,
From fear, and toil, and care.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harps—the songs for ever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

4 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
O, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.

183

L. M.

1 When pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale,
And storms of life are fiercely driven,
When fairest prospects quickly fail,
How sweet to have a hope of heaven!

2 When lone and wandering far from home,
No kind relief to us is given;
O, what would then of us become,
If we had not a hope of heaven?

3 When friends that seemed most near and dear
Are from our bosoms swiftly riven,
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have a hope of heaven!

4 And when the end is drawing nigh,
Of life, thro' which we long have striven,
When we, alas! must droop and die,
How sweet to have a hope of heaven!

184

L. M.

1 Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.

Cho.—This world is not my home,
This world is not my home;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home,

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

185

1 WHERE do you journey my brother,
Where do you journey I pray?
Where do you journey my sister?
For stormy and dark is the way.
We're journeying onward to Canaan,
Through suffering and trial and care,
And when we get safely to glory,
O say shall we meet you all there?
CHO.—O say shall we meet &c.

2 O yes we will meet you my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin;
And bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavor to win;
We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through suffering and trial and care,
And when we get safely to glory,
We'll meet, yes we'll meet you all there.

186

1 IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHO. There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.

187 C. M.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run,
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

CHO.—O, come, angel band,
Come, and around me stand;
O, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.
O, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 O bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

188 ——— C. M.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Cho.—I am bound for the promised land;
O! who will come and go with me—
I am bound for the promised land.

2 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

189 ——— 8's, 7's & 4.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

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190 P.M.

1 If the hopes that we cherish may quell our many fears,
We must still taste sorrow's bitter store;
On the pathway we travel will fall unbidden tears:
O, dark clouds sometimes gather o'er.
Scarce a day of our sojourn, within this dreary vale,
May pass but a shadow's cast before; [fail.
And our hearts may grow weary, our courage nearly
O, dark clouds ofttimes gather o'er

Cho —But I hear the voice of my Saviour—
Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lucid air;
I will send for you shortly my Father's house to share—
No dark clouds can ever enter there,

2 Our hearts, so prone to wander, grow sometimes hard and cold;
Our trials are often hard to bear,
And Satan's ever lurking around the sacred fold
To lure us in his gilded snare:

Dire enemies surround us by morning, noon and night,
As the lion crouches for his prey;
And when we look to Jesus, big tears bedim our sight—
O, dark clouds hover o'er the way.

3 As the sunlight of morning may hide behind a cloud,
And bright buds of promise strew the ground;
As in place of bridal garments may come the snowy shroud,
O, dark clouds quickly gather round.
If the fond doting mother commends her infant charms,
O, too soon her rapture's turned to gloom:
Like a sweet drooping flower, it withers in her arms:
O, dark clouds hover o'er its tomb.

191

1 Happy people over yonder, *Rep.*
On that other bright shore!

Cho.—By and by we'll go and see them, *Rep.*
On that other bright shore!

2 We have father's over yonder, *Rep.*
Oh that other bright shore!

3 We have mother's over yonder *Rep.*
On that other bright shore!

4 We have children over yonder, *Rep.*
On that other bright shore!

192 L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

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193 C. M.

1 Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee:
One tho't shall check the rising tear,
It is—that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
O! who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O! may such grace on us be shed
And make our end like thine!

DOXOLOGY.

194 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHORUSES.

195

I am free!
I am free, my Lord!
I am free!
I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb!

196

And we'll cross the river of Jordan
Happy, O! happy;
We'll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord.

197

Go carry the news;
Go carry the news, Mary;
Go carry the news:
I'm going home to glory!